

The Repair and Maintenance of Earth Roads.

If you look at the ordinary country road after a shower you will see small puddles along the wheel ruts and sometimes larger pools. This water stays on the road surface because it cannot drain away into the side ditches. If you look closely you will see ditches which have grown up with bushes and weeds in many cases, and which are so from the traveled part of the road that the rain water does not drain into them. That part of the roadway where the wagons travel is called the traveled way. To prevent water from standing on the traveled way the road should be raised in the center and should slope gently into broad shallow ditches. It is then said to have a crown. If it is 10 feet from the center of the road to the side ditch, the surface at the side ditch should be at least 10 inches lower than it is at the center where the horses travel. The road then has a 10-inch crown. The rain that falls on a road properly crowned will run quickly to the side and not soak into the surface or form pools. The side ditches for surface water should run parallel to the right of way, and should be open at every low point so that the water can run out of them into neighboring brooks or streams. If the ditches merely collect the water from the road surface and it can not run away, large pools will be formed along the roadside, which will gradually soak into the soil beneath the road and make it so soft that the wheels of wagons will cut through the road surface and soon destroy it.

Sometimes water runs from land along the road into the road and forms a little stream down the wheel tracks or in the middle where the horses travel. When driveways into farm yards are built across the side ditches they frequently form channels for water from the farm yard to run into the road. The pipes under driveways become filled with leaves or rubbish and the water can no longer run away. If the driveways that stop the ditch water were rebuilt so that no pipes were necessary and the ditch could be left open, much trouble from surface water would be stopped.

Sometimes a road runs across low ground or through a swamp where the road can not be drained by side ditches alone. If the roads were built higher like a railroad embankment across such low land and made with a crown, it would be dry and hard. Sometimes a road passes through what is called a cut. This is a place where the earth has been dug out so that the road can go over a hill without being too steep. The water which always flows quietly under the ground on hill sides is known as ground water. In road cuts such water sometimes makes the road very muddy, and the road then needs what road builders call underdrainage. A good kind of underdrainage is a trench to go along under the side drain and about 3 feet and a foot and a half wide. In this trench a pipe is laid near the bottom and covered with loose stones no bigger than an egg. When the trench is completely filled with loose stones the ground water, instead of soaking into the roadway, will stop among the stones and flow down the hill through the pipe.

To keep a road smooth and crowned the best method is to drag it with a road drag. A road drag is made easily with two halves of a log which has been split. The log should be about 6 or 8 inches in thickness and about 6 or 8 feet long. The two halves of the log are set 3 feet apart with the smooth faces forward and upright. They are then fastened together with braces set in holes bored through the log. A pair of horses may be used to drag the road and are hitched to a chain fastened to the front half of the log. The road drag should move forward so that it slants across the road in such a way that a small amount of earth will slide past the smooth face of the log toward the center of the road, thus forming the crown. The edges of the logs will smooth out the ruts. The best way to drag is to begin at the side ditch and go up one side of the road, and then down the other. In the next trip the drag should be started a little nearer the center and the last trip over the road the drag may work close to the center itself. Small ridges of earth will be thrown in the horse track and smeared by the round side of the log smoothly over the road. The smearing of the earth by the drag is called "puddling" and it tends to make the surface of the road smooth and water-tight after the sun comes out. The road is always dragged after it has rained and not when it is dry. A good, strong pair of horses with a well-built drag can drag about 3 or 4 miles of road in a day, and it is the best way to maintain good roads. In every county some farmer along each 4 miles of road should own a drag and drag the road when it rains. He would always find the road in good condition when he goes to market.

Owing to the fact that many rural schools were closed at the time when the prize maintenance essay was announced by Director Logan, Walter Page, of the Office of Public Roads, it has been decided to extend the limit for receiving the essays to October 15, 1913. In addition to the gold medal

given as first prize, two silver medals will be given as second and third prizes. If a child who has submitted one essay previous to the issue of this notice should care to try again, he is at liberty to do so, but he must be a pupil of a rural school. There is some misunderstanding in regard to the subject of the essay. The idea is to set the children thinking how to better their earth roads with the material they have at hand.

CAPTAIN HOBSON IN LOCAL LYCEUM

Southern Orator Will Electrify His Audience.

It is not necessary for us to recount the record made by Captain Hobson (then lieutenant) in the Spanish-American war, and of his triumphal tour of America shortly following. We would like to say, however, that if our readers have the opinion of Hobson that most newspapers seem to wish them to have, they will be agreeably surprised. Like most noted men, he has suffered from misrepresentation—he, more than others. He is not a bully, or a dude, or a jingo; nor did he ever kiss the girls by wholesale. He, himself, is the strongest contradiction to all these labels that persist to this very day. When you see and hear him you will see and hear a polished southern Christian gentleman, manly, modest, handsome



CAPT. RICHMOND P. HOBSON, of military bearing, an orator of first rank with an earnest, helpful message that will set you on fire. He is fighting for the purity of the American home, for all that is good in our American national life, and he is not afraid to lead in any crusade of real reform.

He has done braver things than sinking the Merimac in Santiago harbor; for instance, he voted in favor of the bill providing for the reinstatement of the colored soldiers charged with "shooting up" Brownsville, Tex., and Hobson is a congressman from Alabama, where there is a race problem—but his constituents sustained him overwhelmingly. He took the stump for prohibition in his home state and the cause won. In the recent fight for prohibition in Maine, Hobson stumped the state with the Maine Republicans. The liquor interests tried to call him off through the Democratic members of congress from Maine, but Hobson went anyway. Recently he announced his candidacy for the United States senate, and there is little doubt of his success.

He is in earnest and will electrify the audience when he appears here.

Will open Hillsboro Chautauqua Sunday Afternoon, Aug. 17.

Obituary.

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

Myrtle Bernice Stethem, daughter of Floyd and May Stethem, first opened her eyes to the light of the world April 15, 1913. The little sufferer closed those eyes June 15, at 11 p. m.

It had been the wish of the home to receive a little daughter and joyous were the parent's hearts when she came, but God so willed it she was not to stay. Affliction had laid its hand upon her. All that medical skill could do was unavailable. The stricken parents were compelled to say, "Thy will be done."

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom. A shadow on those tiny features fair and thin. And softly from that hushed and darkened room.

Two angels issued where but one went in. Funeral services were held at the home near Barrett's Mills, June 7, at 9 a. m., conducted by Rev. J. H. Davis, funeral in the Beaver cemetery.

Father, mother and little brother are left and a host of loved ones to mourn for this little one.

CARD OF THANKS.

The parents wish to express their thanks for the love and sympathy of neighbors and friends during the illness and death of their little one.

FLOYD STETHEM AND WIFE.

WORK WITH DEATH

Perilous Callings Where Life Is Always In Danger.

HOW MEN LOSE THEIR NERVE

Sudden Peril Often Causes Them to "Drop Their Goats," and Then Their Courage Never Returns—A Loss of Heart and a Race For Life.

Human nature becomes callous to the daily association with peril. But now and then something tears away the callous spot and leaves the raw, naked nerve exposed.

Structural steelworkers run many chances of losing their nerve—"dropping their goats," they call it. Only the other day one of them who had never known fear was standing on the outer edge of a lofty steel framework and chanced to look down into the street. He saw a trolley car run over a newboy. Instantly his mind was swamped with thoughts of death. He stretched himself flat on the beam and crawled to an island of planking. When a man once does that on top of a skyscraper he has finished his high work.

"They never come back," said an old foreman. "It's a pity, too, for they can never get a quarter the pay at another job that they did at this before they looked down and saw death."

Much of the world's work is done by men who have to keep their nerve in the face of peril. Sometimes a man will not go to pieces until after a long run of danger. Primarily the cause may be fatigue or bad liver or bad nerves, but when it is all over he decides he has had enough and seeks another vocation.

In the places where high explosives are manufactured the men are subjected to a constant nervous strain. They get used to it, like everything else, but when an accident comes there is sure to be some one among the survivors who drops out of the ranks of the workers.

In a plant where more dynamite, nitroglycerin, gun cotton and other pentup destruction are made than anywhere else in the world nearly a thousand lives depend more or less on a thermometer.

In one step in the manufacture of nitroglycerin it is a quivering, sullen fluid in a cold caldron brilliantly lighted by electricity. Glycerin is continually sprayed on the tons of heated acids within. As it mixes the glycerin seizes the available nitrogen from the acids, and the mass becomes nitroglycerin. Round the caldron a man moves swiftly, noiselessly, dividing his attention between the contents and a thermometer that extends down into the hot acids. The temperature of the mass must not rise above 80 degrees.

Glycerin has many vagaries that have been never explained. If, through one of them, the temperature rises toward the danger point the first thing the man on watch does is to send more cool solution through the pipes that coil snake-like round the giant caldron. If the mercury in the tube continues to rise he shuts off the inflow of glycerin. If this does not have the desired effect he turns on compressed air, so as to throw the mass into violent agitation. If this fails he has only one more card to play. He opens a valve and empties the charge into the "drowning tank." Then he makes a dash for safety.

Only a few men who have ever been immediately exposed to explosions have lived to tell about them afterward. Those who have escaped and have continued in their hazardous employment are thereafter known only by their first names. There are only a few of these. The other survivors have sought other work where the risks are less. Said one of them:

"You can't trust the stuff any more than you could a sleeping cobra. I was at work one day around the mixing tank and things were going as usual when I suddenly noticed that the mercury in the thermometer was creeping up toward 80. Quick as a flash I saw that something had gone wrong, and one after another, I turned on the cold, shut off the glycerin and turned on the air. No one ever watched anything more anxiously than I did that thermometer. But the mercury kept on climbing. Then I made a grab for the quick opening valve so as to drown the stuff. One of the officers of the company was in the room. I had yelled at him to run. But he stood there as cool as a cucumber, saying that he didn't think there was much danger. As soon as I opened the valve to let the stuff off I made a jump through the window. There were plenty of emergency doors, but I didn't want to take an extra step. The boss went out by a door. The fraction of a second that I saved by taking the window probably added a good many years to my life. I landed on the ground and was running with all my might when I was lifted off my feet and hurled at least 100 yards. I escaped with a broken leg. The boss, who had run in the opposite direction, was picked up dead. There was hardly a mark on him."

"The explosion started in the drowning tank. The stuff settled at the bottom, where agitation was impossible. What sort of a noise did it make? Like the roar of a dozen tornadoes and a score of crashes of thunder all combined. I've lived on a farm ever since, and when the Fourth of July comes around I jump every time a cannon firecracker goes off, no matter how far away it is."—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Chicago Record-Herald.

Whose Fault?

By DOROTHEA HALE

While walking in the country I came to a farm and, seeing a man at work, asked him for a glass of milk. He invited me into his house and set before me a pitcher full of rich milk.

"Trim farm you have here, my friend," I said to him, "and a good house."

That was as far as I could go in my encomiums, for the interior of the house was in a highly piggedly condition.

"Yas," he said; "it's all I want." "No; not all. You want a woman."

"You bet I don't. I don't want none o' them vipers around."

"If you had one everything about you would be neat and tidy instead of out of order."

"That's the worst part of it. A man ain't no good at that sort o' thing."

"What has prejudiced you against women?"

"Waal, I had a gal once, and she went back on me. One day when I went by a farm down the road a bit that had been bought by a new man named Freeman I saw the prettiest gal a-leavin' over the fence you ever saw in your life. Her cheeks were as red as them roses growin' beside the porch, and her eyes were just sparklin' in her head. And you oughter seen that smile on her face. It seemed to come there natural-like. There wasn't anything for her to smile at—only me, a plain country galoot, walkin' along the road. But somehow I couldn't git by. I stopped and asked her what she was smilin' about. She said she was very happy. Her family had been very poor, and somebody had died and left her mother some money, and they'd bought the farm with it and some new furniture and a lot o' good clothes. 'Isn't that somethin' to smile at?' she asked.

"Oh," I said, disappointed-like, "I thought you was smilin' at me!"

"So I was."

"I didn't git by that farm that time or other times without stoppin' whenever Jinnie—that was her name—was outside, and one day her mother come out and asked me if I wouldn't come in and drink some buttermilk. I done it, and the old woman kind a hinted that her darter, Jist comin' into the place, didn't know nobody and found it kind a lonesome. I told her there was goin' to be a huskin' party at Farmer Bushrod's across the creek the next Saturday afternoon. I wouldn't mind drivin' Jinnie over there in my buggy. Jinnie's eyes lighted up at hearin' that, and she said she'd like to go mighty well. So I said I'd be on hand."

"I jist had time to paint my buggy and git it dry when Saturday come round, and, gittin' into my Sunday suit, I drove over to git the gal. Wasn't she fixed up fine! You bet! And when she snuggled down beside me in her ruffles and things and the smell o' violets and roses and a hull garden full of flowers I jist thort I'd go wild."

"At Bushrod's farm I wanted to keep it up, but I wasn't so mean as to act hogish about it, so I interdoosed a lot of fellers, besides some gals. The fellers took to her like flies to honey, but the gals was jealous of her and fought shy."

"We was all huskin' the corn. Bill Jones was settin' by Jinnie, and all of a sudden I saw him take the husk off a red ear, and he jist throwed his arms around her neck and give her a big kiss."

"Stranger, did you ever have anything happen to you like that—a gal you was dand set on kissed by another feller? Waal, the divil jist riz right up in me, and I thort I'd have to kill Bill Jones right there. But what made me maddest was that the gal didn't slap his jaw. She jist took it easy-like and went on huskin'."

"When it come time to go home I jist set alongside of Jinnie and didn't speak a word to her all the way. She tried to talk, and I wouldn't answer her. When we driv up to the house she climbed down and didn't even thank me for takin' her to the huskin'."

"The next time I went by her mother's farm she was in the field pullin' up some turnips. Seem me, she riz up and give me one of them smiles of hers, but I jist walked right on and didn't notice her. Somehow I'd got an idee into my head that she was tryin' to charm me like a snake. The next time I went by she left me alone, and she's done it ever since. Sometimes I wish she wouldn't, but in that case she might bring me down, and if I'd see a man kiss her again I'd likely kill him and her too."

"That's the reason, stranger. I don't want to get mixed up with a woman. The more a man's set on one of 'em the more it riles him if she don't stick to him alone."

"My friend," I said when he had finished his story, "what you have said proves nothing whatever. At a huskin' a man is privileged to kiss on findin' a red ear, and the girl who would object to being kissed on such an occasion would be a brute. In my opinion you made a hog of yourself after that. You go right down to Jennie, apologize and ask her pardon for your rudeness."

"You don't mean, stranger, that it wasn't all her fault?"

"On the contrary, it was all yours." Seizing his hat, he left the house without a word, and I saw him making at a quick pace down the road.

I am happy to say that he was forgiven, and the next time I went into his house it looked spick and span.

LYNCHBURG.

June 23, 1913.

Miss Salome Montgomery entertained the Kensington Club at her home on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. George Smith and son, George Carr, spent the first of last week with her parents, at Wellston. Mr. Smith and son Paul, spent the week in Michigan fishing.

Mrs. Wm. Stauffer and two children are visiting her sister-in-law in Covington Ky., since Friday. Mrs. Stauffer entertained a number of ladies in honor of Mrs. Joseph Stabler, of Hillsboro, on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. O. A. Thompson and daughter, of Hillsboro, spent a few days of last week with her sister, Mrs. Harley Pulse.

Miss Lillie Faris is spending a fortnight in Tennessee.

Roy Simpkins, of Winton Place, was with his parents Saturday and Sunday. J. D. Bobbitt, Dr. Duvall and Joe Weishaupt took the Civil Service examination in Cincinnati, Monday.

John Kesler and family were visitors in New Vienna, Sunday.

Sam Hogsett returned to his home in Illinois, Monday, after several weeks visit with Dr. Gibson and family.

Mrs. Wm. Cleveland is spending this week with relatives in Blanchester.

Children's Day exercises which were held at the M. E. church, Sunday morning were well attended and enjoyed by all present.

Augustus Beall, of Cincinnati, spent part of last week with Dr. Meyers and wife.

George DeLaney and family and Dr. Garner and wife left Monday morning for a ten days visit in Indiana.

Miss Hazel M. Gallett and Miss Sylvia West returned home Friday from their school work at Oxford. Wendell Perry who has been attending college in Delaware returned Sunday evening.

Mrs. Clara Timms, of Buffalo, is with her parents, S. S. Puckett and wife for an indefinite visit. They are also entertaining Mrs. Frank Lacy, of Hillsboro, for a few days.

C. E. Haller, of Danville, is spending the week with M. E. Sonner and family.

Mesdames Warren Connel and Wm. West entertained 18 members of Class No. 3, at the beautiful country home of Mrs. Connel on Thursday afternoon.

Owen West attended the commencement exercises at Oxford, last week.

Mrs. Ella Hopkins, of Springfield, visited her brother, Chas. Stroup and family, Tuesday.

Mrs. Ethel Storer and three children, of St. Bernard, visited at the home of Mrs. G. W. Thompson, last week.

Mrs. W. A. West has her mother, Mrs. Bates, of Cuba, with her for a few days.

H. B. Gallett and wife returned home on Monday after eleven days visit with relatives in Marion, Ind. Clifford remained with his uncle, C. L. Badgley, for the summer.

W. A. Saylor transacted business in Sabina the first of this week.

W. T. Nolder and family are moving into their residence on Short street. Mr. Bilderback and family will move into the house they vacated on Bayless Ave.

Miss Vere Steinman, who has been in college at Springfield the past year, is spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Dresch.

Mrs. Ruth Mauntel, of Danville, spent Friday at the home of M. E. Sonner. They also have as their guest S. W. Hatcher, of Decatur, Ill.

J. C. Dunlap and son, Clyde, of Highland, were guests at the home of J. L. Delaney and family, Sunday.

Mrs. Margaret Wilson and daughter, Mrs. Broomhall and son, Herbert, of Peebles, are guests of Dr. McAdow and family and J. L. DeLaney and family for a few days.

Mrs. Alice Murphy and daughter, Lillian, returned to their home in Bridgeport, Ill., Friday morning.

Thomas Gray and family, of Clarksville, were guests over Sunday at the home of J. B. Hunter.

Mrs. Brough Smith and Mrs. Clarence Pickrell and daughter, Lucille, were in Cincinnati, Monday and Tuesday.

Dana McAdow was a business visitor in Cincinnati, Monday.

Eddie Chaney is with relatives in Cincinnati for the week.

A. Rankin and wife are moving to their home near Westboro.

B. E. Moses is on a business trip through Illinois and Mississippi.

Miss Sarah Lowell, of Terre Haute, Ind., visited with her uncle, M. B. Pulse and family.

Miss Miller, of Westboro, was a guest of Mrs. Robert Grisham the latter part of last week.

A number of the members of the Christian church, picnicked all day Friday, one mile below Blanchester.

Mrs. Earl Patton returned home Friday after a weeks visit in New Castle and Connersville, Ind.

Mrs. Frank Burnett and son spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bobbitt, of Cuba.

Mrs. M. E. Sonner, Mrs. Clarus Roush and S. W. Hatcher, of Decatur, Ill., were guests of John Puckett and family, of Buford, Sunday.

Dr. Meyers and wife entertained the following on Sunday: Mr. Marshall, Miss Bierber, Wm. Conklin and wife, Mrs. Marshall Long and Wm. Long, of Xenia, and L. T. Peterson and wife, of Spring Valley.

Frank Boosveld and daughter, Minnie, were business visitors, in Richmond, Ind., the first of this week.

Mrs. Margaret Boatright, of New Vienna, and Mrs. Roxie Kirkhart, of Russell, were guests at the home of John Kesler and family, Monday.

EAST DANVILLE.

June 23, 1913.

Miss Mary Chrisman, of Boston, is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Ludwick.

Mrs. Douler, of Paris, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Chas. McKee.

Marian King, of Farmers, spent Saturday night with his brother, Wm.

W. B. Jacks is on the sick list.

A. R. Hawk and wife entertained John Faris and wife, of Hillsboro, Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Pearl Pratt, of Pricetown, spent a part of last week with A. B. Robinson and wife.

Mrs. Elizabeth Redkey, of Hillsboro, D. C. Winkle and wife and C. N. Winkle, wife and son, spent Sunday with J. A. Fouch and family.

HIGHLAND.

June 23, 1913.

Miss Ella Adams arrived home Saturday evening from Athens, where she has been in college the past year.

Mrs. M. A. Judkins, of Norwood, was visiting her aunts, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Terrell, Wednesday.

Miss Imogene Terrell, who spent the winter with her in St. Joe, Mo., arrived home last week.

E. T. Rayburn and wife spent last week in Washington, C. H.

Frank Stewart and wife were visiting her parents south of Hillsboro, last week.

Mrs. Francis Haworth and son, returned to her home in Alliance, Monday.

Mrs. Luker is very ill.

W. H. Hunter, wife and son, Paul, of Hillsboro, were guests of O. M. Richardson and wife, Thursday.

L. M. Horsman and wife went on the Dahl Milligan excursion, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rosebrook and Mr. and Mrs. Bugler, of Milford Center, were guests of O. M. Richardson, Rev. and Mrs. Knox and Frank Johnson and wife the past few days.

A number of the young friends of Miss Edith Vance gave her a very delightful surprise Saturday evening.

F. S. Woodmansee and wife spent a couple of days with their son Glenn and wife, during the encampment at Washington, C. H., last week.

Thomas Luker, of New Vienna, called on relatives here, Sunday afternoon.

DANVILLE.

June 23, 1913.

Morris King and family, of New Vienna, spent Saturday and Sunday with his brother, Lewis.

Mrs. Esther Pence, of Howe, Ind., arrived Monday for a visit with her parents, John Roush and wife.

Mack Stanforth and wife, of Hillsboro, were visitors at the home of Clem Burton and wife, recently.

Mrs. J. M. Davidson, of Williamsburg, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Knauer and other relatives here.

Dr. J. H. Berry, of Longview Asylum, Cincinnati, was here last week for the wedding of his sister, Amy, who was married at high noon on Wednesday to Clarence Holladay, of near Hillsboro.

Mrs. Ann Pence, of near Shackleton was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Eliza Pence, Saturday.

George Shaffer, of near Delaware, is visiting his parents, G. W. Shaffer and wife.

Mrs. Alec Custer and little daughter, Gladys, of Hillsboro, spent Sunday and Monday with her sister, Mrs. Ella Wood and daughter, Anna.

Master Bond Roush spent part of last week with his grandparents, Chas. Wiggins and wife at East Danville.

Mrs. Maggie Stroup, of Blanchester, is visiting her parents, Armon Stroup and wife.

Miss Letha Caplinger spent Thursday and Friday with Dallas Parshall and wife, west of town.

Mrs. Rebecca Roush was a guest of her brother, N. P. Landess, and wife, Saturday and Sunday.

In sending in the report of the festival held at this place June 14, a mistake was made in the receipts as only about \$35 was realized instead of \$47 as first reported.

Straborough Real Estate.